PETER's
PENSION.

A

SOLEMN EPISTLE

TO A

SUBLIME PERSONAGE.

With an ENGRAVING by an Eminent Artist.

BY PETER PINDAR, ESQ.

" *My Heart is inditing of a good Matter—I speak of the Things which I*
" *have made, unto the* KING." Psalm xlv.

" *Non possum tecum vivere, nec sine te.*"

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A R G U M E N T.

A GRAND Exordium, *containing news from* Jericho*—Peter informeth* Majesty *of the great noise on their respective accounts—and talketh of* Sampson *and* Dalilah*—the London* Coffeehouses *and the* Royal Exchange *—Peter explaineth the cause of the great noise, and* Ejaculateth*—talketh of preparations at the Palace for his disgrace and murder—Peter informe Majesty of what Majesty hath been informed—complaineth that he hath been pictured a downright* Devil*—beggeth that a proper inquiry may be instituted —Peter pronounceth himself no* Devil*—Peter writeth* soft *Sonnets to prove that he hath not a* hard *heart.*

Peter talketh of Courtiers and court matters—of what the World wickedly sayeth of him—Peter cannot convince the world—mentioneth the despondence of the Newspapers, Magazines and Reviews—also the famine in poetry—Peter exculpateth Majesty*—Peter refuseth modestly—hinteth at Royal misfortunes,* Diamonds, Nabobs, *and an action of* Trover*—Peter prophesieth mournfully—giveth the History of* Nebuchadnezzar's *grass diet—Peter affordeth good reasons for refusing a Pension—relateth an anecdote of a dead* Archbishop*—formeth a scheme for universal Happiness, by discovering* Sin *and* Shame *to be a pair of* Impostors, *and for making mournful* Sunday *merry——Peter outdoeth old Poets in* egotism*——condemneth Mistress* Damer, *the great* she-statuary, *for* attempting *our most sublime* Sovereign*—Peter, like many* authors, *exhibiteth prodigious acquaintance with ancient Literature, by mentioning the names of* Jupiter, Phidias, Praxiteles, Virgil, *and* Augustus Cæsar*—Peter puffeth again—Peter produceth a Tale about* Majesty, *Mr.* Robinson, Alderman Skinner, *and choaked* Sheep*—also a Tale of* Majesty *and Parson* Young, *whose neck was unfortunately unhinged at a hunt.*

Peter still hankereth after Pensions—declaimeth on the Powers of Poetry, as also on his own *miraculous powers—Peter professeth independency and great capability of making a hearty mutton-bone dinner like Andrew Marvel —Peter distrusteth his fortitude—quoteth opposition men for pitiful desertion of principle, and descanteth on money—Peter telleth an apposite Tale of Lady Huntington' Parson, a Dog, and a Squire.*

Peter quoteth the Wind *and Mr.* Eden*—exhibiteth more symptoms of Pension-love—concludeth in a foam against* knighthood.

Ah! let me Sire refuse it — I implore
I ought not to be rich whilst you are poor. Pension

PETER

PENSION.

DREAD SIR, the rams horns that blew down
The walls of JERICHO's old town,
Made a moſt monſtrous uproar, all agree——
But lo! a louder noiſe around us rages,
About two moſt important perſonages;
No leſs, my Royal LIEGE, than *You* and *Me!*

In ſhort, not greater the PHILISTINES made
When DALILAH, a little artful jade,
(Indeed a very pretty girl)
Snipp'd off her lover, Mr. SAMPSON's, curl,
Who well repaid the clamours of the bears,
By pulling down the houſe about their ears.

B Prodigious

hake around!

eeps (thank God) her ground;

Yet ... h EXCHANGE and COFFEE HOUSES

Nothing is heard but PETER and the KING:

The handſome bar-maids ſtare, as mute as fiſhes;

And ſallow waiters, fright'ned, drop their diſhes!

At firſt 'twas thought the triumph of the Jews

  On ſome great vict'ry in the boxing way:

The news, the very anti-chriſtian news,

  Of ISRAEL'S HERO* having won the day;

And HUMPHRIES, a true Chriſtian boxer, beat:

Enough to give all CHRISTENDOM a ſweat.

Again, 'twas thought great news of the Grand Turk,

Who on his hands hath got ſome ſerious work;

  'Twas fancied he had loſt the day;

That ev'ry Muſſulman was kill'd in battle,

A fate moſt proper for ſuch heathen cattle,

  Who do not pray to God our way.

* Mendoza.

Bu

[illegible] to the lofty ſkies,
[illegible] this wonderful aſcenſion,
[illegible], my Liege, from this ariſe;
That you have giv'n the gentle Bard a penſion!

Great is the ſhout indeed, Sir, all abroad,
That you have order'd me this handſome thing;
On which, with lifted eyes, I've ſaid, " Good God!
" Though great my merits, yet how great the King!"

And yet, believe me, Sir, I lately heard,
That all your doors were doubly lock'd and barr'd
Againſt the POET for his tuneful art;
And that the tall, ſtiff, ſtately red machines,
Your Grenadiers, the guards of Kings and Queens,
Were order'd all to ſtab me to the heart:

That if to Houſe of BUCKINGHAM I came,
Commands were giv'n to Miſtreſs BRIGG,
A comely, ſtout, two-handed dame,
To box my ears and pull my wig,
The Cooks to ſpit me —— curry me, the Grooms,
And *Kitchen Queens* to baſte me with their brooms.

You're

[illegible] in my ways I'm very evil!
[illegible] fit to travel for a show,
And that I look all grimly where I go:
Just like a devil!
With horns, and tail, and hoofs that make folks start:
And in my breast a millstone for a heart!

This cometh from a certain Painter, SIRE;
Bid story-mousing NICOLAY inquire:
Your Page, your Mercury, with cunning eyes,
Who jumping at each sound, so eager opes
His pretty wither'd pair of *Chinese* chops,
Like a Dutch dog that leaps at butterflies.
He, SIRE, will look me o'er, and will not fail
To swear that I've no horns, nor hoofs, nor tail.

Lord! Lord! these sayings grieve me and surprise!
Dread Sir, don't see with other people's eyes——
No dev'l am I with horns, and tail, and hoofs——
As for the likeness of my heart to stone——
No, Sir —— it's full as tender as your own——
Accept, my Liege, some simple love-sick proofs.

To an UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

SAY, lovely Maid, with downcaſt eye,
  And cheek with ſilent ſorrow pale,
What gives thy heart the length'ned ſigh,
  That, heaving, tells a mournful tale?

Thy tears, which thus each other chace,
  Beſpeak a breaſt o'erwhelm'd with woe:
Thy ſighs, a ſtorm that wrecks thy peace,
  Which ſouls like thine ſhould never know.

Oh! tell me, doth ſome favour'd YOUTH,
  Too often bleſt, thy beauties ſlight?
And leave thoſe thrones of love and truth,
  That lip, and boſom of delight?

What though to other nymphs he flies,
  And feigns the fond, impaſſion'd tear;
Breathes all the eloquence of ſighs,
  That treach'rous won thy artleſs ear?

Let not thoſe Nymphs thy anguiſh move,
  For whom his heart may ſeem to pine——
That heart ſhall ne'er be bleſt by LOVE,
  Whoſe guilt can force a pang from *thine*.

For CYNTHIA.

AH! tell me no more, my dear girl, with a ſigh,
That a coldneſs will creep o'er my heart;
That a ſullen indiff'rence will dwell on my eye,
When thy beauty begins to depart.

Shall thy graces, O Cynthia, that gladden my day,
And brighten the gloom of the night,
Till life be extinguiſh'd, from memory ſtray,
Which it ought to review with delight?

Upbraiding, ſhall GRATITUDE ſay with a tear,
" That no longer I think of thoſe charms
" Which gave to my boſom ſuch rapture ſincere,
" And faded at length in my arms?"

Why yes! it may happen, thou Damſel divine: —
To be honeſt — I freely declare,
That e'en *now* to thy *converſe* ſo much I incline,
I've *already forgot* thou art *fair*.

To LAURA.

HOW happy was my morn of love
  When firſt thy beauty won my heart!
How guiltleſs of a wiſh to rove!
  I deem'd it more than death to part!

Whene'er from *thee* I chanc'd to ſtray,
  How fancy dwelt upon thy mien,
That ſpread with flowr's my diſtant way,
  And ſhow'r'd delight on every ſcene!

But FORTUNE, envious of my joys,
  Hath robb'd a lover of thy charms ——
From me thy ſweeteſt ſmile decoys,
  And gives thee to *another's* arms.

Yet, though *my* tears are doom'd to flow,
  May tears be never LAURA's lot!
Let LOVE protect *thy* heart from woe;
  His wound to *mine* ſhall be forgot.

HYMN to MODESTY.

O! MODESTY, thou ſhy and bluſhful maid,
Don't of a ſimple Shepherd be afraid;
Wert thou *my* lamb——with ſweeteſt graſs I'd treat thee—
I am no WOLF ſo ſavage that ſhould eat thee:
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Thy fragrant breaſt, like Alpine ſnows ſo white,
Where all the neſtling Loves delight to lie;
Thine eyes, that ſhed the milder light
Of NIGHT's pale Wand'rer o'er her cloudleſs ſkie,
O Nymph, my panting, wiſhing boſom warm,
And beam around me, what a world of charm!
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Thy flaxen ringlets, that luxuriant ſpread,
And hide thy boſom with an envious ſhade;

Thy poliſh'd cheek ſo dimpled, where the roſe
In all the bloom of ripening ſummer blows:
Thy luſcious lips that heav'nly dreams inſpire,
By Beauty form'd, and loaded with Deſire;
With ſorrow, and with wonder, *lo!* I ſee
(What melting treaſures!) thrown away on *thee*.
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Thou knoweſt not that boſom's fair deſign;
And as for thoſe two pouting lips divine,
Thou think'ſt them form'd alone for ſimple chat ——
To bill ſo happy with thy fav'rite dove,
And playful force, with ſweetly fondling love,
Their kiſſes on a lapdog or a cat.
Then haſte with me, meek maid, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Such thoughts thy ſweet ſimplicity produces!
But I can point out far ſublimer uſes;

Uſes the very beſt of men eſteem —
Of which thine innocence did never dream :
  Then haſte with me, meek maid, to dwell,
  And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

Oh ! fly from IMPUDENCE, the brazen rogue,
Whoſe flippant tongue hath got the Iriſh brogue :
Whoſe hands would pluck thee like the faireſt flow'r,
Thy cheeks, eyes, forehead, lips and neck, devour :
  Shun, ſhun that Caliban, and with me dwell :
  Then come and give a Goddeſs to my cell.

The world, O ſimple maid, is full of art,
Would turn thee pale, and fill with dread thy heart,
Didſt thou perceive but half the ſnares
The DEV'L for charms like thine prepares !
  Then haſte, O Nymph, with me to dwell,
  And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

From morn to eve my kiſs of ſpeechleſs love,
Thy eyes' mild beam and bluſhes ſhall improve ;

And

And lo! from our ſo innocent embrace,
Young MODESTIES ſhall ſpring, a numerous race!
The bluſhing girls in ev'ry thing like *Thee*,
The baſhful boys prodigiouſly like *Me!*
Then haſte with me, O Nymph, to dwell,
And give a Goddeſs to my cell.

IS not this pretty, Sir? can aught be ſweeter?
Inſtead of that vile appellation, Devil,
So blackguard, ſo unfriendly, and uncivil,
Shou'd not I be baptiz'd the *gentle* PETER?

Great is the buz about the Court,
As at th' Exchange, where Jews, Turks, Chriſtians meet,
Or Smithfield Fair, where beaſts of ev'ry ſort,
Pigs, Sheep, Men, Bullocks, all ſo friendly greet.

Buſy

Busy indeed is many a sly court leech!
Afraid to trust each other with a speech——
In hems, and hahs, and half words, hinting:
Some whisp'ring, list'ning, tip-toe walking, squinting;
For lo, so warily each courtier speaks,
They seem to talk with halters round their necks.

Some praise the King for nobleness of spirit,
For ever studying how to find out merit;
Whilst from its box their heart doth slily peep,
And ask the tongue, with marv'ling eyes,
How it can dare to tell a heap
Of such unconscionable, bare-fac'd lies.

"How are the mighty fall'n!" the people cry——
Meaning ME——
"Another hog of EPICURUS' stye;
"This vile apostate bends to *Baal* the knee;
"Lo, for a little meat and guzzle
"This sneaking cur, too, takes the muzzle.

"In lyric scandal soon will be a chasm——
"He wrote for bribes, 'tis plain, and now he has 'em.

"This

" This mighty war-horſe will be ſoon in hand,
" By means of meat, the price of venal notes,
" Calm as a hackney coach-horſe on his ſtand,
" Toſſing about his noſe-bag and his oats.

" Whatever he hath ſaid, he dares unſay,
" In native impudence ſo rich——
" Explain the plaineſt things away,
" And call his muſe a forward b——;
" Treat fire of friendly promiſes as ſmoke,
" And laugh at truth and honour as a joke:"
Such, Sir, is your good people's howl,
As thick as ſmall-birds peſtering a poor owl.

In vain I tell the world around,
That I have not a penſion found;
Which ſpeech of ſimple truth the mob enrages;
" Peter, this is an arrant lie——
" The fact is clear, too clear," they cry——
" Thou haſt already *touch'd* a quarter's wages.

" Varlet, it always was thy vile intention —
" Thou haſt, thou haſt, thou liar! got a penſion "
Still, to ſupport my innocence, I've ſaid,
Moſt ſinfully, I own — " I han't, by G—: " —
Yet, had I ſworn my eyes out of my head,
They never had believ'd — How vaſtly odd!

The morning and the evening papers,
Struck by the ſound, are in the vapours,
And mourn and droop, to think I'm dead —
Stunn'd by the unexpected news,
The MAGAZINES and the REVIEWS
For grief can ſcarcely lift the head.

" Nothing but poor, mechanic ſtuff," they cry,
" Shall now be quoted for the public eye; —
" Nothing original in ſong —
" No novelty of images and thought
" Before our fair Tribunal ſhall be brought!
" But trifling tranſpoſitions of our tongue:

" Nought but a ſolemn pomp of words,
" Bearing a lifeleſs thought, ſhall readers meet —
" The picture of a funeral that affords;
" So ſolemn marching through the ſtaring ſtreet;

" Where flags, and horſe, and foot, a ſorrow ape,
" With all the dread diſmality of crape,
" Near the poor corpſe — perhaps a puny brat,
" Or dry old maid, as meagre as a cat. " —

No, Sir! you never offer'd me a penſion —
But then I gueſs it is your kind intention —
Yes, Sir, you mean a ſmall *douceur* to proffer;
But give me leave, Sir, to decline the offer.

I'm much oblig'd t'ye, Sir, for your good will;
But Oratorios have half undone ye:
'Tis whiſper'd, too, that thieves have robb'd the Till
Which kept your milk and butter money.

So

So much with ſaving wiſdom are you taken,
Drury and Covent Garden ſeem forſaken——
Since *coſt* attendeth thoſe theatric borders,
Content you go to RICHMOND HOUSE with *orders*.

Form'd to delight all eyes, all hearts engage,
When lately the ſweet PRINCESS * came of age,
Train oil inſtead of wax was bid t' illume
The goodly company and dancing room!
This never had been done, I'm very ſure,
Had not you been, *ſome way or other*, poor.

You now want guineas to buy live ſtock, Sir,
  To graze your Windſor hill and vale;
And farmers will not let their cattle ſtir,
  Until the money's down upon the nail.

I'm told your ſheep have dy'd by dogs and bitches,
And that your fowls have ſuffer'd by the fitchews;

* Princeſs Royal.

And that your man-traps, guards of gooſe and duck,
And cocks and hens, have had but ſo ſo luck.
Scarce fifty rogues, in chaſe of fowls and eggs,
Have in thoſe loving engines left their legs.

The bulſe, Sir, on a viſit to the Tow'r,
Howe'er the Royal Viſage may look ſour,
Howe'er an object of a deep devotion,
Muſt croſs once more the eaſtern Ocean!

Indeed I hope the di'monds will be *off*,
  Or ſcandal on us rolls in floods ——
Some NABOB may be vile enough
  To bring an action for ſtol'n goods ——
An action, to ſpeak lawyer-like, of *Trover*;
And Heav'n forbid it ſhould come over!

For money matters, I am ſure,
  The Abbey muſic was put off;
Becauſe the Royal purſe is poor,
  Plagu'd with a dry conſumptive cough;

Yet in full health again that purſe may riot,
By God's grace, and a ſkim-milk diet.

Cloſe as a vice behold the nation's fiſt!
Vain will be mouths made up for Civil Liſt;
And, humble pray'rs, ſo very ſtale,
Will all be call'd an old wife's tale.

Your faithful Commons to your cravings
Will not give up the nation's ſavings——
Your fav'rite miniſter, I'm told, runs *reſtiff*,
And growls at ſuch petitions like a maſtiff.

What if *my* good friend HASTINGS goes to pot?
  ADAMS and ANSTRUTHER have flung hard ſtones——
He finds his ſituation rather hot——
  BURKE, FOX, and SHERIDAN, may break his bones.

As ſurely as *we* ſaw and felt the bulſe,
Haſtings hath got a very awkward pulſe;

Therefore in jeopardy the culprit ſtands!
Like patients whoſe diſorders doctors ſlight
Too often, he may bid us all good night;
And ſlip, poor man, between our hands.

Then, Sir! Oh! then, as long as life endures,
Nought but remembrance of the bulſe is ours
And to a ſtomach that like *ours* digeſts,
Slight is the dinner on *remember'd* feaſts.

I think we caſes underſtand, and ken
Symptoms, as well as moſt *ingenious* men;
But Lord! how oft the wiſeſt are miſtaken!
Therefore I tremble for his badger'd bacon.

We may be out, with all our ſkill ſo clever,
And what we think an ague, prove *jail-fever*.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR, Sir, the KING,
As ſacred Hiſt'ries ſweetly ſing,
Was on all fours turn'd out to graſs,
Juſt like a horſe, or mule, or aſs:

Heav'ns! what a fall from kingly glory!
I hope it will not ſo turn out
That we ſhall have (to make a rout)
A ſecond part of that old ſtory!

This penſion was well meant, O glorious King,
And for the Bard a very pretty thing;
But let me, Sir, refuſe it, I implore——
I ought not to be rich whilſt *you* are poor;
No, Sir, I cannot be your humble hack;
I fear your Majeſty would break my back.

I dare refuſe you for another reaſon——
We differ in religion, Sir, a deal;
You fancy it a ſin ally'd to treaſon,
And vaſtly dangerous to the commonweal,
For ſubjects, minuets and jiggs to play
On the Lord's day.

Now, Sir, I'm very fond of fidling——
And in my morals, what the world calls *midling*:

I've aſk'd my conſcience, that came ſtraight from Heav'n,
Whether I ſtood a chance to be forgiv'n,
If on a Sunday, from all ſcruples free,
I ſcrap'd the old Black Joke and *Chère Amie.*

" Ah! fool, (exclaim'd my conſcience) know,
" God never againſt muſic made a rule;
" On Sundays you may ſafely take your bow—
" And play as well the fiddle as the fool."

A late ARCHBISHOP,* too, O King,
Who knew moſt ſecrets of the ſkies,
Said, Heav'n on Sundays reliſh'd pipe and ſtring,
Where ſounds on ſounds unceaſing riſe—
And aſk'd, as *Sunday* had its muſic *there,*
Why *Sunday* ſhou'd not have its muſic *here.*

In conſequence of this divine opinion
That PRINCE of PARSONS in your great dominion,
Inform'd his faſhionable wife,
That ſhe might have her Sunday routs and cards,
And meet at laſt with Heav'n's rewards,
When Death ſhould take her precious life.

* Cornwallis.

Thus dropping pious qualms, religious doubts,
His lady did enjoy her Sunday routs!
Upon GOOD-FRIDAY, too, that *awful* day,
Lo! like VAUXHALL, was LAMBETH all ſo gay!

Now if his preſent GRACE, with ſharpen'd eyes,
Could ſquint a little deeper in the ſkies,
He might be able to inform his dame
Of two impoſtors, p'rhaps, call'd SIN and SHAME,
Who many a pleaſure from our graſp remove,
Pretending to commiſſions from *above*.

Like this, a ſecret, could his Grace explore,
What a proud day for *Us* and MISTRESS MOORE!
For lo, two greater foes we cannot name
To this world's joys than *Meſſieurs* SIN and SHAME.

Then might we think no more of praiſe and prayer,
But leave at will our Maker in the lurch:
Sleep, racket, lye a bed, or take the air,
And order owls and bats to go to church.

SUNDAY, like other DAYS, would then have life:
Now prim, and ſtarch, and ſilent, as a Quaker——
And gloomy in her looks, as if the wife
Or widow of an UNDERTAKER.

Happy ſhould I have been, my Liege,
So great a Monarch to oblige:
And, Sir, between you, and the poſt,
And me, you don't know what you've loſt——

The loſs of me, ſo great a Bard,
Is not, O King! to be repair'd.
My verſe ſuperior to the hardeſt rock,
Nor earthquake fears, nor ſea, nor fire;
Surpaſſing, therefore, Miſtreſs DAMER's block,
That boaſts a little likeneſs of you, Sire.
That block, ſo pond'rous, muſt with age decay,
And all the lines of wiſdom wear away;
I grant the Lady's loyalty and love,
Yet, "none but PHIDIAS ſhould attempt a JOVE."

The MACEDONIAN HERO grac'd the ſtone
Of fam'd PRAXITELES alone;
Forbidding others to attempt his nob,
It was ſo great and difficult a job.

AUGUSTUS ſwore an oath ſo dread,
He'd cut off any poet's head,
But VIRGIL's, that ſhould dare his praiſe rehearſe,
Or mention ev'n his name in verſe.

Then, Sir, if I may be a little free,
My art would ſuit your merits to a T.

Lord! in my adamantine lays
Your virtues would like bonfires blaze —
So firm your tuneful jeweller would ſet 'em,
They'd break the teeth of TIME to eat 'em.

Wrapp'd in the ſplendor of my golden line,
For ever would your Majeſty be fine!
Appear a gentleman of firſt repute,
And always glitter in a birth-day ſuit.

Then to all ſtories would I give the lie,
 That dar'd attack you and your fame devour;
Making a King a ninepin in our eye,
 Who ought like Egypt's pyramids to tow'r;
Such as the following fable, for example;
Of impudence, unprecedented ſample!

The ROYAL SHEEP.

SOME time ago a dozen lambs,
Two rev'rend patriarchal rams,
And one good motherly old Ewe,
Died on a ſudden down at KEW;

Where, with the ſweeteſt innocence, alas!
 Thoſe pretty, innoffenſive lambs,
 And rev'rend horned patriarchal rams,
And motherly old Ewe, were nibbling graſs:
All, the fair property of our great King,
Whoſe deaths did much the royal boſom wring:

'Twas ſaid that dogs had tickled them to death:
Play'd with their gentle throats, and ſtopp'd their breath.

Like HOMER's heroes on th' enſanguin'd plain,
Stalk'd Mr. ROBINSON * around the ſlain!
And never was more frighten'd in his life!
So ſhock'd was Mr. Robinſon's whole face,
Not ſtronger horrors could have taken place,
Had CERBERUS devour'd his wife!

With wild, deſpairing looks, and ſighs,
And wet and pity-aſking eyes,
He, trembling, to the royal preſence ventur'd—
White as the whiteſt napkin when he enter'd!
White as the man who ſought King PRIAM's bed,
And told him that his warlike ſon was dead.

" O pleaſe your Majeſty"—he, blubb'ring, cried—
And then ſtopp'd ſhort—
" What? what? what? what?" the ſtaring King replied—
" Speak, Robinſon, ſpeak, ſpeak, what what's the hurt?"

* The Hind.

" O Sire," said Robinson again ——
" Speak"—said the King—" put, put me out of pain—
" Don't, don't in this suspense abody keep"——
" O Sire!" cried Robinson, " the sheep! the sheep!

" What of the sheep,"—replied the King, " pray, pray—
" Dead! Robinson, dead, dead, or run away?"
" Dead! answer'd Robinson; dead! dead! dead! dead!"
Then, like a drooping lily, hung his head!

" How, how?" the monarch ask'd, with visage sad——
" By dogs," said Robinson, " and likely mad!"

" No, no, they can't be mad, they can't be mad——
" No, no, things arn't so bad, things arn't so bad,"
Rejoin'd the King,
" Off with them quick to market—quick, depart;——
" In with them, in, in with them in a cart——
" Sell, sell them for as much as they will bring."——

Now

Now to Fleet Market, driving like the wind,
Amidſt his murder'd mutton, rode the HIND,
All in the royal cart ſo great,
To try to ſell the royal meat.

The news of this rare batch of lambs,
And ewes and rams,
Deſign'd for many a London dinner,
Reach'd the fair ears of Maſter Sheriff SKINNER,
Who with a hammer and a conſcience clear,
Gets glory and ten thouſand pounds a year;
And who, if things go tolerably fair,
Will be one day proud LONDON's proud LORD MAYOR.

The Alderman was in his pulpit ſhining,
'Midſt Gentlemen with nightcaps, hair and wigs;
In language moſt rhetorical defining
The ſterling merit of a lot of pigs:

When

When ſuddenly the news was brought,
That in Fleet Market were unwholeſome ſheep,
Which made the PREACHER from his pulpit leap,
As nimble as a taylor or as thought.

For juſtice panting, and unaw'd by fears,
This King, this Emperor of Auctioneers
Sat off——a furious face indeed he put on——
Like light'ning did he gallop up Cheapſide!
Like thunder down through Ludgate did he ride
To catch the man who ſold this dreadful mutton.

Now to Fleet Market full of wrath he came,
And with the ſpirit of an ancient Roman,
Exceeded I believe by no man,
The Alderman, ſo virtuous, cried out "SHAME!"

"D—mme," to ROBINSON ſaid Maſter SKINNER,
"Who on ſuch mutton, Sir, can make a dinner?"——
"*You*, if you pleaſe,"
Cried Mr. Robinſon, with perfect eaſe.

"Sir!"—quoth the red-hot ALDERMAN again—
"*You*,"—quoth the HIND, in juſt the ſame cool ſtrain.

"Off, off," cried Skinner, with your carrion heap—
"Quick, d—mme, take away your naſty ſheep.

"Whilſt I command, not e'en the KING
"Shall ſuch vile ſtuff to market bring,
"And London ſtalls ſuch garbage put on—
"So take away your ſtinking mutton."—

"*You*," replied Robinſon, "*you* cry out 'ſhame!'
"*You* blaſt the ſheep, good Maſter Skinner, pray;
"*You* give the harmleſs mutton a bad name!
"*You* impudently order it away!

"*Sweet* Maſter ALDERMAN, don't make this rout:
"Clap on your ſpectacles upon your ſnout;
"And then your keen, ſurveying eyes regale
"With thoſe ſame fine large letters on the cart
"Which brought this blaſted mutton here for ſale."—
Poor Skinner read, and read it with a ſtart.

Like Hamlet, fright'ned at his father's Ghoſt,
The Alderman ſtood ſtaring like a poſt;
He ſaw G. R. inſcrib'd, in handſome letters,
Which prov'd the ſheep belong'd unto his betters.

The Alderman now turn'd to deep reflection;
And being bleſt with proper recollection,
Exclaim'd—" I've made a great miſtake—Oh! ſad—
" The ſheep are really not ſo bad.

" Dear Mr. Robinſon, I beg your pardon,
" Your Job-like patience I've born hard on;
" Whoever ſays the mutton is not good,
" Knows nothing, Mr. Robinſon, of food;

" I verily believe I could turn glutton,
" On ſuch neat, wholſome, pretty-looking mutton—
" Pray, Mr. Robinſon, the mutton ſell—
" I hope, Sir, that his Majeſty is well."—

So ſaying, Mr. Robinſon he quitted,
  With cherubimic ſmiles and placid brows,
For ſuch embarraſſing occaſions, fitted ——
  Adding juſt five and twenty humble bows.

To work went Robinſon to ſell the ſheep,
But people would not buy, except dog-cheap;
At length the ſheep were ſold—without the fleece ——
And brought King GEORGE juſt half-a-crown a piece.

Now for the other ſaucy *lying* ſtory,
Made, one would think, to tarniſh Kingly glory.

The K*** and Parſon YOUNG.

THE K*** (God bleſs him) met old PARSON YOUNG
Walking on Windſor Terrace one fair morning ——
Delightful was the day—the ſcent was ſtrong ——
A heavenly day for howling and for horning!
For tearing farmers' hedges down, —— hallooings ——
Shouts, curſes, oaths, and ſuch-like pious doings.

" YOUNG," cried the K***, " d'ye hunt, d'ye hunt to-day?
" Yes, yes—what, what? yes, yes, fine day, fine day."

Low with a rev'rent bow the Prieſt replied,
" Great KING! I really have no horſe to ride;
" Nothing, O Monarch, but my founder'd mare,
" And *ſhe*, my LIEGE, as blind as ſhe can ſtare."

" No horſe!" rejoin'd the K***, " no horſe, no horſe!"
" Indeed," the Parſon added, " I have none:
" Nothing but poor old *Dobbin*—who of courſe
Is dangerous—being blinder than a ſtone."

" Blind, blind, YOUNG? never mind — you muſt, muſt go,
" Muſt hunt, muſt hunt, YOUNG — ſtay behind? — no, no."

What pity, that the King, in his diſcourſe
Forgot to ſay, " I'll lend ye, YOUNG, a horſe!"

The K. to YOUNG behaving thus ſo kind,
Whate'er the danger, and howe'er inclin'd,
At home with *politeſſe* YOUNG could not ſtay——
So up his REV'RENCE got upon the mare,
Reſolv'd the Chace with MAJESTY to ſhare,
Whate'er the dangers of the day.

Rouz'd was the deer! — the KING and PARSON YOUNG,
CASTOR and POLLUX like, rode ſide by ſide;
When lo, a ditch was to be ſprung!
Over leap'd G. THE THIRD with kingly pride.

Over jump'd *Tinker*, *Towzer*, *Rockwood*, *Towler*,
Over jump'd *Mendall*, *Bruſhwood*, *Jubal*, *Jowler*,
Trimbuſh and *Lightning*, *Muſic*, *Ranter*, *Wonder*,
And fifty others with their mouths of thunder —

Great

Great names! whoſe pedigrees ſo fair,
With thoſe of Homer's heroes might compare.

Thus glorioully attended, leap'd the King,
By all thoſe hounds attended with a ſpring!——
Not Cæsar's ſelf a fiercer look put on,
When with his hoſt he paſs'd the *Rubicon!*

But wayward Fate the Parſon's Palfrey humbled,
And gave the mare a ſudden check—
Unfortunately poor blind *Dobbin* ſtumbled,
And broke his Reverence's neck.

The Monarch, gaping, with amaze look'd round
Upon his dead companion on the ground——
" What, what?" he cried, " Young dead! Young dead! [" Young dead!——
" Humph!—take him up—and put him home to bed."—

Thus having finiſh'd—— with a cheerful face
Nimrod the Second join'd the jovial chace.

A MORAL REFLECTION.

FOOLS would have ſtopp'd when Parſon Young was kill'd,
And giv'n up ev'ry thought of hound and deer,
And with a weakneſs, call'd Compaſſion, fill'd,
Had turn'd *Samaritan*, and dropp'd a tear.

But better far the royal Sportſman knew——
He gueſs'd the conſequence, beyond a doubt——
Full well he gueſs'd he ſhould not have a view——
And that he ſhould be ſhamefully thrown out.

P'rhaps from the royal eye a tear *might* hop;
Yet Pages ſwear they never ſaw it drop.

But Majeſty may ſay—"what, what, what's death?
"Nought, nought, nought but a little loſs of breath."

To Parſon YOUNG 'twas *more*, I'm very clear——
He loſt by death ſome hundred pounds a year.

A great deal, my dear Liege, depends
On having clever bards for friends——
What had ACHILLES been without his HOMER?——
A taylor, woollen-draper, or a comber!
Fellows that have been dead a hundred year,
None but the Lord knows how or where——

In Poetry's rich graſs how virtues thrive!——
Some when put in, ſo lean, ſcarce ſeem alive;
And yet, ſo ſpeedily a bulk obtain,——
That ev'n their *owners* know them not again.

Could you, indeed, have gain'd my muſe of *fire*,
Great would your luck have been, indeed, great SIRE!——
  Then had I prais'd your nobleneſs of ſpirit!——
Then had I boaſted that myſelf,
Hight PETER, was the firſt bleſt, tuneful elf,
  You ever gave a farthing to for merit.

Though money be a pretty handy tool;
Of Mammon, lo! I ſcorn to be the fool!
If Fortune calls, ſhe's welcome to my cot,
Whether ſhe leaves a guinea or a groat:
Whether ſhe brings me from the butcher's ſhop
The whole ſheep, or a ſimple chop.

For lo! like ANDREW MARVEL I can dine,
And deem a mutton bone extremely fine——
Then, Sir, how difficult the taſk, you ſee,
To bribe a moderate GENTLEMAN like *Me*.

I will not ſwear, *point blank*, I ſhall not alter——
A *Saint*——my nameſake e'en was known to faulter.

Nay more——ſome clever men in oppoſition,
Whoſe ſouls did really ſeem in good condition;
Who made of PITT ſuch horrible complaint,
And damn'd him for the worſt of knaves;
Alter'd their minds——became PITT's abject ſlaves,
And publiſh'd their new Patron for a SAINT.

And who is there that may not change his mind?
Where can you folks of that defcription find
Who will not fell their fouls for cafh,
That moft angelic, diabolic trafh!
E'en grave Divines fubmit to glitt'ring gold!
The beft of confciences are bought and fold:
As in a tale I'll fhow, moft edifying,
And prove to all the world, that I'm not lying.

The

The PARSON, the SQUIRE, and the SPANIEL.

A TALE.

A GENTLEMAN possess'd a fav'rite spaniel,
That never treated maid nor man ill:
This dog, of whom we cannot too much say,
Got from his godfather the name of *Tray*.

After ten years of service just,
Tray, like the race of mortals, sought the dust—
That is to say, the spaniel died:
A coffin then was order'd to be made,
The dog was in the churchyard laid,
And o'er his pale remains the master cry'd.

Lamenting much his trusty fur-clad friend,
And willing to commemorate his end,
He rais'd a small blue stone, just after burial,
And weeping, wrote on it this sweet memorial:

TRAY's EPITAPH.

HERE reſt the relics of a friend below,
Bleſt with more ſenſe than half the folks I know;
Fond of his eaſe, and to no parties prone,
He damn'd no ſect, but calmly gnaw'd his bone;
Perform'd his functions well in ev'ry way——
Bluſh, CHRISTIANS, if you can, and copy *Tray*.

THE CURATE of the *Huntingtonian* Band,
Rare breed of gofpel hawks that fcour the land,
And fierce on fins their quarry fall,
Thofe Locufts, that would eat us all:

Men who with new invented patent eyes,
See Heav'n and all the angels in the fkies;
As plain as in the box of SHOWMAN SWISS,
For little Mafter made, and curious Mifs;
We fee with huge delight the King of France
With all his Lords and Ladies dance:

This Curate heard th' affair with deep emotion,
And thus exclaim'd, with infinite devotion:
" O Lord! O Lord! O Lord! O Lord!
" Fine doings thefe, upon my word!

"This, truly, is a very pretty thing!
"What will become of this moſt ſhocking world?
"How richly ſuch a rogue deſerves to ſwing,
"And then to Satan's hotteſt flames be hurl'd!

"Oh! by this damned deed how I am hurried!
"A dog in chriſtian ground be buried!
"And have an epitaph forſooth ſo civil:
"Egad! Old Maids will preſently be found
"Clapping their dead *ram cats* in holy ground,
"And writing verſes on each mouſing devil."

Againſt ſuch future caſualty providing,
The Prieſt ſat off, like Homer's Neptune, ſtriding,
Vowing to put the culprit in the Court:
He found him at the ſpaniel's humble grave;
Not praying, neither ſinging of a ſtave;
And thus began t' *abuſe* him—not *exhort*——

"Son

" Son of the Dev'l, what haſt thou done?
" Nought for the action can attone ——
" I ſhou'd not wonder if the great Allwiſe
" Quick darted down his lightening all ſo red,
" And daſh'd to earth that wretched head,
" Which dar'd ſo foul, ſo baſe an act deviſe.

" Bury a dog like chriſtian folk! ——
" None but the fiend of darkneſs cou'd provoke
" A man to perpetrate a deed ſo odd:
" Our Inquiſition ſoon the tale ſhall hear.
" And quickly your fine fleece ſhall ſheer;
" Why, ſuch a villain can't believe in God."

" Softly! my rev'rend Sir," the ſquire replied ——
" Tray was as good a dog as ever died ——
" No education could his morals mend ——
" And, what, perhaps, Sir, you may doubt,
" Before his lamp of life went out,
" He order'd you a legacy, my friend."

" Did he ?—poor dog ! " the ſoften'd prieſt rejoin'd,
In accents pitiful and kind ;—

" What! was it *Tray*? I'm ſorry for poor Tray :—
" Why truly, dogs of ſuch rare merit,
" Such real nobleneſs of ſpirit,
" Should not like common dogs be put away.—

" Well ! pray what was it that he gave,
" Poor fellow ! ere he ſought the grave ?
" I gueſs I may put confidence, Sir, in ye."—
" A piece of gold," the gentleman reply'd—
" I'm much oblig'd to *Tray*," the Parſon cry'd ;
So left God's *cauſe*, and pocketed the guinea.

Yet, ſhould I imitate the fickle wind,
Or Mr. *patriot* EDEN—change my mind;
And for the BARD your Majeſty ſhould ſend,
And ſay, " Well well, well well, my tuneful friend,
" I long, I long, to give you ſomething, PETER——
" You make fine verſes——nothing can be ſweeter——
" What will you have? what, what? ſpeak out—ſpeak out—
" Yes, yes you ſomething want, no doubt, no doubt."—

Or ſhould you like ſome men who gravely preach,
Forſake your uſual ſhort-hand mode of ſpeech,
And thus begin—in bible-phraſe ſublime;
" What ſhall be done for our rare *Son of Rhime?*
" The BARD who full of wiſdom writeth?
" The man in whom the KING *delighteth?*"

Then would the Poet thankfully reply
With fault'ring voice, low bow, and marv'ling eye,

All meekneſs! ſuch a ſimple, dovelike thing!
" Bleſt be the Bard who verſes can endite,
" To yield a *ſecond Solomon* delight!
" Thrice bleſt, who findeth favour with the King!

" Since 'tis the Royal Will to give the Bard
" In whom the King delighteth, ſome reward,
" Some mark of Royal Bounty to requite him;
" O King! do any thing but KNIGHT HIM."

THE END.

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